Historical Society

Bismarck Tribune.

VOL. 2. BISMARCK, D. T., WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 23, 1874. NO. 24.

The Bismarck Tribune.

An Independent Newspaper published by

THE BISMARCK TRIBUNE CO.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE:

One year.....$2.00 | Three months..... .75
Six months..... 1.25 | Single copies..... 10

Subscriptions payable invariably in advance.

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Bismarck Business Directory.

Advertisements inserted under this head, two lines or less, per annum, $5.00; additional lines at $2 50.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE BISMARCK TRIBUNE—a live western newspaper, published by the Bismarck Tribune Company at $2.00 per year.

J. W. RAYMOND & CO., Bankers. Interest allowed on time deposits, Exchange bought and sold, &c.

BEAL & PETERSON, Gun and Lock Smiths.

JAMES DOUGLAS & CO.—Heavy and Shelf Hardware, Tinware, &c.

ECKFORD & RYAN, Merchant Tailors. Clothing and Gent's Furnishing Goods.

J. P. FORSTER—Restaurant. Board by the day or week, fresh Oysters, &c.

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FRED STRAUSS, Jeweller. Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, &c.

U. S. LAND OFFICE—Peter Mantor, Register; E. M. Brown, Receiver.

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MILLINERY—Mrs. C. Gager & Co.—Ladies' Furnishing Goods, Dress Making, &c.

J. W. FISHER—Sewing Machines for sale or rent. Sewing Machine Extras, &c.

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J. W. RAYMOND & CO. A full line of supplies, Dry Goods, Clothing, &c. Wholesale and Retail.

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CLARK & BILL—Full line of supplies, Dry Goods Clothing, &c.

CLOTHING.—J. W. Watson & Bro.—Dry Goods, Groceries, Boots, Shoes, &c.

J. F. REARDON — Groceries, Provisions, Liquors and Cigars.

KAUFFMANN & CO.—Provisions, Vegetables, Choice Wines, Liquors and Cigars.

MEAT MARKETS, &C.

BROWNING & WINGROSE—Meats, fresh and cured, Eggs, Vegetables, &c.

N. P. CLARK—Fresh Meats, Ham, Bacon, Eggs, Butter, Grain, Feed, Potatos, &c.

BAKERIES.

JOHN YEGIN—City Bakery. Bread, Pies, &c.

PETER WALKER.—Fresh Bread, Cakes, Pies. Fresh Oysters in every style, at all hours of the day add night. Baked Pork and Beans every Sunday.

DRUG STORES.

DUNN & CO.—Full assortment of Drugs, Notions, Wines and Liquors for medicinal purposes, Cigars, &c.

BOOTS AND SHOES.

MARSHALL & CAMPBELL—Full line of sale work. Boots and Shoes made to order. Gloves.

O. MEYER—Boots and Shoes to order. Repairs.

SAMPLE ROOMS, &C.

ST. LOUIS LIQUOR STORE—J. D. Wakeman. Best imported goods in the market, Bourbon, Cigars, &c., at wholesale and retail. Sample rooms and Billiard Hall.

JOHN MASON—Whisky, Wine, Cigars, &c., at wholesale and retail. Billiard Hall. An elegant place.

WHITE & DICKEY—Pure Liquors, choicest Cigars. Billiards. Next door to Capitol Hotel.

P. BROISSEAU—Wines, Liquors and Cigars.

M. HORTON & CO.—Fine imported Cigars, Tobacco, &c.

S. O'CONNELL—Liquors and Cigars.

FIRST AND LAST CHANCE — George Bridges, Proprietor. Next door to Bismarck Hotel. Club Rooms.

MESERVE & CO.—"Stock Exchange." Best Liquors and Cigars.

REED & GOULD—Liquors, Cigars, Music. Fine hall for dancing.

ASA FISHER—Billiard Hall, imported Wines, Liquors, Ale, &c.

M. McLEAR—Wines, Liquors and Cigars.

HOTELS.

CAPITOL HOTEL—R. R. Marsh & Co., Proprietors.

BISMARCK HOTEL—R. Connelly, Proprietor.

DAKOTA HOUSE—Thomas McGowan, Proprietor.

BARBERS.

CHRIS. HEHLI—King of Barbers, and Imperial Bath Rooms.

W. H. H. COMER—Empire Shaving Hall and Bath Rooms.

J. M. ROSIER—Shaving, Shampooning, &c.

BLACKSMITHING.

GEO. G. GIBBS—Wagon Making and Blacksmithing.

THOMAS WELCH — Blacksmithing in all its branches.

JAMES SOUTER—Blacksmithing, &c.

PHYSICIANS.

B. F. SLAUGHTER—Physician and Surgeon.

H. R. PORTER—Physician and Surgeon. Office at Nicholson & Porter's Drug Store.

LAWYERS.

DELAMATER & FLANNERY—Lawyers, Tribune Block. County Attorney's office.

E. A. WILLIAMS—Lawyer, Third St. Deputy U. S. Attorney.

JOHN A. STOYELL—Lawyer, Fourth St.

H. M. DAVIS—Lawyer and City Justice, Third Street.

THOMAS VAN ETTEN—Lawyer and U. S. Court Commissioner, Main St.

LIVERY.

CHAS. McCARTY—Livery, Sale and Feed Stable. First Class Rigs.

JOHN OSTLAND—Livery and Feed Stable. Rear of Bailey House.

Bismarck Tribune!

THE

LIVELIEST,

NEWSIEST,

MOST POPULAR

Weekly Paper in the Northwest, will be furnished One Year for

TWO DOLLARS IN ADVANCE,

together with the TRIBUNE'S

CUSTER CHROMO,

A magnificent Chromo-Lithograph of this Popular Cavalry Commander. The Chromo alone is worth the money, and was manufactured specially for the TRIBUNE, at an expense of several hundred dollars, by Strobridge & Co., Cincinnati, the well-known Chromo Publishers.

The TRIBUNE will contain not only all of the news of the day, but the latest and most reliable reports concerning the

BLACK HILLS

AND THE WONDERFUL

GOLD DISCOVERIES!

which have recently been made by Custer's Black Hills expedition in that hitherto unknown region. This is important, as Bismarck is the nearest point to the Black Hills, and will be the point where expeditions will outfit. From Bismarck to the Black Hills there is a direct and well-marked trail, made by the return of Custer's expedition.

The TRIBUNE is the only weekly newspaper in the United States which sent a Special Correspondent with Custer's expedition.

It is the only weekly in the United States which publishes FULL

TELEGRAPHIC DISPATCHES,

giving the LATEST NEWS up to the time of going to press, together with the News of the Week, condensed and put in an

ATTRACTIVE FORM.

The Philadelphia *Ledger*, in speaking of this Popular Newspaper, says:

"The Bismarck TRIBUNE, a weekly newspaper published at Bismarck, Dakota Territory, has just completed its first year's existence. It is a bright and remarkably well-edited sheet, and would compare not unfavorably with many of the more pretentious journals of the Atlantic coast. It is one of the marvels of American journalism, how such a neatly printed and ably conducted news sheet comes from the midst of a territory which a year ago was inhabited only by Indians and wild animals."

All Postmasters and News Agents are authorized to act as our agents, retaining for their services the usual commission.

Subscriptions sent direct should be addressed to the

BISMARCK TRIBUNE COMPANY,
Bismarck D. T.

TELEGRAMS

Reported Specially for the Bismarck Tribune.

TELEGRAPHIC BREVITIES.

The new Atlantic Cable is completed.

Small Pox epidemic exists in St. Louis.

Jewell, Postmaster General, has been confirmed.

Rev. J. F. Chaffee was vindicated on his appeal.

Boston indulged in a half million fire last Tuesday.

Kalakana grand reception by Congress, Friday.

Two hundred thousand dollar fire at Hartford last Wednesday.

Chicago railroads have reduced way fare to three cents per mile.

Von Armin has been sentenced to three months impisonment.

Congress is considering an investigation of the Vicksburg massacre.

Henry Moonen, of St. Cloud, has been acquitted in the Haller murder case.

Another serious milldam disaster occurred at Haydenville, Mass., Friday.

Col. Ludlow lectured on the transit of Venus, in St. Paul Monday evening.

Minnesota State Grange denounces the railroad law and demands its repeal.

The senatorial contest in Minnesota is red hot—Ramsey, however, is gaining ground.

Sherman yesterday introduced a bill in the Senate for the resumption of specie payment.

The Dakota Legislature has unanimously passed a memorial for the divisin of the Territory.

The President yesterday issued a proclamation in which he gives the insurgents at Vicksburg five days to disperse.

J. L. M. Dashiell, local editor of the Minneapolis *Tribune*, died of diptheria last Wednesday at the Kilroy House, St. Paul.

The N. Y. *Republic* is dead. It run ten weeks. Its expenses were fifty thousand and its receipts four thousdollars.

The Northern Pacific bill was argued before the committee Friday by Benj. Wade and Judge Rice. Its friends are hopeful.

The Mississippi legislature is craven enough to call on the President for troops in connection with the Vicksburg affair.

Several murders by Indians occurred in Schofield's district last week. The troops are under marching orders for Pieroche to redress them.

Among the confirmations Friday were the following land officers: Mantor, Bismarck; Pugh, Fargo; Knowlton, Duluth; Adly, Alexandria, vice Acker.

Weather splendid at Minneapolis. The two inches of snow that fell a few days ago has almost disappeared. Business is very dull, and collections difficult.

It is reported from Cheyenne that the military force from forts Rice and Sully have been ordered to accompany Agent Brigham to drive the whites out of the Black Hills.

Pacific mail steamer Japan was burnt at sea sixty miles from Yokahama. Five hundred people on board, mostly Chinese. Loss of life fearful. Freight, specie and mail were lost.

Bismarck continues on his ear, remarking that the action of the Reichstag was equivalent to a vote of want of confidence. He tendered his resignation, which was refused, and a vote of confidence passed by a small majority.

Cottage Grove Grange refused to reelect Ebenezer Ayres master, whereupon Mrs. Ebenezer cleaned out the whole concern with her tongue and fist. She was fined twenty-five dollars the next day for assault and battery.

Joseph Sanders killed Ed. Brownson at Wadena last Wednesday. Probably justifiable homicide. Brownson suspicioned Sanders of improper intimacy with his squaw and tried to kill him and got killed. No cause for jealousy.

The store occupied by Marshall & Campbell, Brainerd, and the two buildings west of it, were burned Friday night. The *Tribune* occupied the upper story, which was wholly destroyed Russell's loss is $4,000, no insurance. Marshall & Campbell's loss $4,000—$1,500 insurance. Bly on the east, and Strauss on the west escaped without damage. The citizens in a few minutes contributed several hundred dollars. Bly and the Puget Sound Co. each contributed one hundred dollars. The *Tribune* will probably not omit a number.

MISCELLANEOUS.

It is two centuries ago, this month, since Milton died.

An armless Milwaukee woman boxes her husband's ears with her feet.

The band played "Little Brown Jug" at a prohibitory meeting in Worcester, Mass.

Twenty-five tons of butter were recently shipped in a lot from Duluth to Liverpool, England.

The claims against the State of Oregon, growing out of the Modoc war, amount to $131,000.

A man who can talk in five different languages is smart, but we know one who can hold his tongue in ten.

Mrs. Swisshelm wears black stockings with scarlet heel patches. Neat and not gaudy, and saves darning.

There are 671 women in Paris who serve as models for painters and sculptors, most of them being from 16 to 20 years old.

The editor of the Niobrara *Pioneer* is happy. He partook of Modoc Bitters, and an Indian agent responds with a libel suit.

The business man who doesn't advertise can get ruined with less money and more certainty than any other person this side of a lunatic asylum.

One dissenter observes that whether the Archbishop of Canterbury was ever regularly baptized or no, there can be no question that he was confirmed in his prejudices long ago.

The *Inter-Ocean* calls Mrs. J. G. Swisshelm "a woman with a rudder to her name." Yes, but what was her rudder name before she was married?—*Pittsburgh Commercial.*

"Is the Platte river navigable for steamboats?" inquired a traveler of a Nebraska man. "Navigable for steamboats!" exclaimed the Nebraskian,—"No, not even for light draft ducks."

How the wind did blow yesterday morning. It was a splendid time to settle the question as to whether monogram garters are worn, but it is just our fool luck to be laid up with rheumatism.

Michigan drug clerks still labor under the impression that quinine and morphine mean the same thing, and several citizens lately have come very near losing their malaria permanently in consequence.

B. C. Mitchell, formerly a prominent member of the Rev. Dr. Talmadge's church at Brooklyn, but who was expelled at the instigation of the pastor, has sued the lively doctor for slander. Damages $5,000.

Chambers says that the editor of the *Mirror* cannot tell a lie. Yes we *can*, but we *won't*, and that is just where we have the advantage of Chambers.—*Fargo Mirror.* That sounds well to a person who is not acquainted with the *Mirror* editor.

A Milwaukee man arrested for stealing a law book, says an exchange, excuses himself on the ground that he thought it was a novel. The man was not far wrong in his impression, for, if not a novel, the book was at least a novelty to most of the lawyers of that city.

Maria is a popular name in Illinois. When a cat climbs a back fence in a well populated neighborhood and plaintively calls on "Maria!" twenty or thirty windows are hastily thrown open, from which protrude twenty or thirty female heads while answering "What!"

A contemporary asks: "What are the street lamps for?" The man who doesn't know what a street lamp is for, is hardly fit to sit in an editorial chair and mould public opinion. Street lamps are for weary young men to recline against at midnight on their way home.

During the late bathing season, an individual walked up to the office of a seaside hotel, and with considerable flourish signed the book and exclaimed: "I am Lieutenant-Governor of ——." "That doesn't make any difference," said the landlord, "You'll be treated just as well as the others."

Miss Neilson is credited with the authorship of this chunk of wisdom: "Without printers—good and noble men everywhere—the art preservative would die." It is strange that this never occurred to us before, and we are moved to remark, that without actors and actresses what would become of the drama? These thoughts are deep.

As a train on the Saginaw road had nearly reached the junction the other day, an old woman suddenly shouted out, "Stop this keer, — stop her!" A passenger wanted to know what was up, and the old woman ran up and down the passageway and excitedly exclaimed: "Where's the man who runs these keers—I've left a quart bottle of cold tea at Detroit." The train didn't back up.

Old Doctor Bancroft, of Worcester, the father of the historian, and pastor of the first parish, was annoyed by the importunity of a man whose character was not above that of St. Paul, and who wanted to join the Doctor's church. The Doctor put him off on one pretext or another till all were exhausted. At last he said: "My friend, the fact is my church is full." "Well," said the rejected applicant, "I'll go and join an engine company."

A few nights since a farmer living in Charles county near the St. Mary's line, was awakened by the furious barking of his dog, and when, taking his gun, and opening the door of his house, he beheld an object suspended in the air near his corn house, he fired and a man fell to the ground. Three negroes had been engaged in stealing his corn, and for this purpose a lever had been put under the corn house. The man killed sat on the end of the lever, which enabled the other two men to enter the house and put out the corn. As the man fell, the lever dropped and the house fell upon the two men, killing them both.

A very dirty, debased, and ignorant looking man came in to vote in a township of Michigan. Said one of the ladies, offering him a ballot, "I wish you would oblige us by voting this ticket." "What kind of a ticket is that?" said he. "Why," said the lady, "you can see yourself." But I can't read," he answered. "Why, can't you read the ballot you have in your hand, which you are about to vote?" the lady asked. "No," said he, "I can't read at all." "Well," said the lady, "this ballot means that you are willing to let the women as well as the men vote." "Is that it," he replied; "then I dont want it; the women don't know enough to vote."—*Grand Rapids Post.*

An old man up in Connecticut had a poor, cranky bit of a wife, who regularly once a week got up in the night and invited the family to see her die. She gave her things away, and made her peace with heaven, and then about eight she would get up in her usual way and disappointed everybody by going at her household duties as if nothing had happened. The old man got sick of it, finally, and went out and got a coffin, a real nice cashmere shroud, a wreath of immortelles, with "farewell Mary Ann," worked in, and a handful of silver-plated screws. Laying the screw-driver beside the collection, he invited her to holler die once more. "Do it, and in you go, and this farewell business is over," said he. Mary Ann is at this moment baking buckwheat cakes for a large and admiring family, while they dry apples in the coffin up in the garret.

Some very severe criticism is being indulged in by the press on the remarkable decrease in the infant population of some of the cities of Utah, occasioned, it is said, by the fact that the Church has excluded physicians in case of sickness, and that the elders of the Church are sent for, and go through the ceremony of annointing with oil and laying on of sacred hands; but the practice fails to arrest the disease, and in almost every case the children die. Some of the saints have, however, boldly taken up the defense of the practice, and say that the Bible injunction is that if there are "any sick among you, let him call for the elders of the Church, and let them pray over him, annointing him with oil in the name of the Lord, and the prayer of faith shall save the sick, and the Lord will raise him up." A due respect for the opinion and religious belief of all professed Christians is eminently proper and just, but when the practice of relying on miraculous agencies or the influence of personal piety in the cure of disease, under the inspiration of a fanatical religious belief, causes the death of innocent aud suffering people, it should not only be most effectually condemned, but its practice promptly prohibited.—*Washington Chronicle.*

Harrowing News for Lawyers.

Among the recent converts to Spiritualism in this city is a Justice of the Peace. Not willing to stop at the foot of the spiritual ladder and received instruction from others, he has been busied in developing his powers as a medium, and has at last come to such a pitch of perfection as to be able to carry on long conversations with the inmates of the world beyond the grave. He no longer wastes his time in visiting saloons, but stays at home nights, and holds intercourse with Kent, Blackstone, and other dead worthies of the law. It is his great relaxation, when he gets home after a weary session, to light his pipe, mix a glass of punch, and then have a protracted talk with Sir Edward Coke, This is really an improving way of spending the time, and may be recommended to all who desird to become experienced in the law.

These little peculiarities of the Court have thus far had no influeuce upon the outside world, except to amuse the lawyers who found their way into his presence, whom he would inform how, on the previous evening, he had had a long argument with Story on some obscure point and had compelled him to own that he was mistaken. Yesterday, however, the matter assumed a serious form, and one lawyer at least is in a quandary as to what he shall do. During the forenoon session a case came up for trial. The attorney for the defense quoted a decision which will be found in one of the early Illinois reports. It was apparently decisive. The lawyer looked triumphantly at the Judge. The latter said, "Wait a minute; I feel the influence." Then the Judge grabbed a lead-pencil and a sheet of paper. His hand went convulsively, and at the end of five minutes he had scribbled over the entire page. When he was through he said to the lawyer: "I have just received a message from Judge Lockwood who was one of the Judges of the Supreme Court at the time this decision was rendered. He authorizes me to say that the majority of the members of the Court then, who are now in the sprit-land, after mature consideration, decided to reverse their former judgment. Please inform the profession of that fact, that they may govern themselves accordingly."

Then the Judge continued: "Under the circumstances, Mr.——, you will see that I can pay no attention whatever to the decision you have quoted, and judgment must be rendered against you." The lawyer remonstrated, and the Judge finally agreed to postpone the case for one week, in order to give Judge Loockwood and his colleagues an opportunity to examine the matter again, and see if they are determined to reverse their former opinion.

The lawyers are meditating what the result will be if the doctrine of Spiritualism makes much further progress,—whether it will not be necessary for them to burn all their reports, if Judges in the spirit-land are to be allowed to carry on the business of making decisions, and of reversing those which they have made while in this world.—*Chicago Tribune.*

An Edinburg magistrate found himself in a queer predicament the other day. A locomotive engineer named Thomson, who ran an engine on the North British Railroad, was charged with being drunk at a way-station. It was shown clearly that the man was intoxicated, and therefore deserved punishment. It was moreover, shown that, being drunk, he had exhibited more judgment than most men in their sober moments. Conscious of his condition, he admitted it to the proper authorities, and had another man appointed temporarily in his place. The magistrate fined him £5 for the offense, and then gave him a severe lecture, every word of which was an argument in favor of suspending the sentence. He dwelt upon the dangers of the rail consequent upon intoxication on the part of engineers, and remarked upon the enormity of the offense of running an engine when drunk. While Thomson certainly earned the fine, he did not earn the reprimand, and it is a question whether conscientious engineers, when inebriated, will not rather take the chances of a smash-up before the certainty of a fine and reprimand.

Imperfect Page Imperfect Page

The Bismarck Tribune.

Bismarck, D. T., Dec. 23, 1874.

THE DROWNING OF MILLER AND MC.CARTHY.

The sad event chronicled last week,—the drowning in the Missouri River of Deputy U. S. Marshal Clinton J. Miller, and Sheriff Charles H. McCarthy, while attending to official duties, is still the absorbing topic of the entire community. Every effort has been made that human ingenuity could devise, to recover the bodies, but thus far unavailing, and there can be but little hope of success while the river is covered with ice. The deceased were both men of good standing in the community, enjoying as citizens, a degree of confidence, which placed them in the front rank of positions, where business capacity and integrity were required. The loss of such men would be severely felt, even where society is more fixed than in a new frontier town, and doubly so where to the official attaches additional responsibilities when lawlessness oftimes seeks a shelter under the supposed security of less vigilance than in older communities.

Mr. Miller, who held the office of Deputy U. S. Marshal, under appointment from Marshal Burdick, was a man forty years of age. He left the State of Indiana in 1859, went first to Colorado, and thence to Montana, being engaged principally in mining in both places. He came from Helena, Montana, to Bismarck in 1872, where he has since resided up to the time of his death. He was appointed Sheriff by the County Commissioners of Burleigh County, last year, which office he held when selected for the Deputy Marshalship. He was in every respect an exemplary man, sober and discreet, quiet and unobtrusive in the discharge of his duties; a constant attendant at church, and a worthy and active member of the Masonic fraternity. He leaves no family, and was never married.

Sheriff McCarthy was elected to the position that he held at the time of his death, at the recent election. He was in the thirty-eighth year of his age, and has been for several years a resident of the territory. He was, we believe, the first clerk of Judge Kidder's Court in the First Judicial District, prior to which, he for some time kept the "Clifton House," in Sioux City, Iowa, and was quite successful in business. He was twice elected to the Territorial Legislature. He came to Bismarck in the spring of 1872, where he has since been engaged in business as wood contractor for Fort A. Lincoln; conducting an extensive livery establishment, and in farming operations. He was an active business man, and the people honored him with their confidence. Being a Catholic and a member of that church, he was like nearly all of its earnest believers no idler in his faith. His friendships were strong and marked, and there are many to mourn his untimely taking off. Mr. McCarthy leaves a wife and two children; he has a brother here, and one in California, and sisters in Wisconsin.

The search is still continued for the bodies of the unfortunate men, a diving bell having been improvised by a man experienced in their use. The water, where they are supposed to have gone down, is said to be but about eight feet deep, but the strong current which was the cause of the air-hole may have taken them a long distance from the place of the accident.

The last two weeks the TRIBUNE has devoted considerable of its space to the testimony taken at the coroner's inquest in the Peterson murder case. This was done because suspicion pointed at one of our most prominent citizens, and the entire community felt a deep interest in the matter. The writer, as well as our citizens generally, congratulates Mr. Hobart on the result of the investigation, and he stands before the world now, as before, with a good name and untarnished reputation.

Died, about two weeks ago, the Dakota *Gleaner*, infant progeny of some dozen or fifteen stalwart men. Its age was nine months. It is thought that too much parental care and the ways "past finding out" that American citizens have in depositing their ballots a elections was the cause of its (un) timely demise. Requibis cat all to pieces.—*Elk Point Courier.*

BERTHOLD CORRESPONDENCE.

FORT BERTHOLD, D. T.,
November, 30, 1874.

MY DEAR TRIBUNE:

Having nothing better to do, and a few items of news from the upper country having just reached me, I'll ask for a column or so of your lively sheet; But, I'm not going

"to talk of many things:
Of cheek and cheese and sealing wax,
Of cabbages and kings;
And *why* the sea is boiling hot,
And *whether* pigs have wings."

Mr. Leighton's train in charge of Mr. Michael Smith, arrived here last evening, and with it were some parties from Montana, who report that a mule train owned by T. C. Powers, and others, of Fort Benton, was attacked by Indians at Willow Creek,—about eighteen miles from Fort Peck, and all of the mules—forty-two in number captured. My informant states that the Indians who committed this depredation were from Fort Peck, but, I suppose, it will be laid to the Uncapapas, who are made the *papas* for all of the outrages committed in the upper country, and "Setting Bull" must continue to *sit*, he can't *stand* all the crimes placed on his head.

A shooting scrape occurred recently at Fort Peck, in which the agency interpreter, a half-breed, named Beuoist, was severely, if not fatally, wounded,—cause, a woman. It seems that Beuoist had takeu a female Lo, who was claimed by an Indian as his "better half," and on demanding her from Beuoist a row took place in which the Indian got worsted, and the next day or so he shot Beuoist in revenge.

Recently a man named Myers was out "wolfing" about thirty miles from Carroll, M. T., was killed by Indians, who horribly mutilated him, cutting out his heart, &c. Lone Dog, a petty chief of the Tetons, is credited with this outrage, also, with the killing and burning of the two or three men at Muscleshell, a short time ago. From all the information I can gather, the country lying between Fort Peck and Fort Benton is going to be pretty *hot* this winter. Game is very plentiful—more so than it has been for years, and the Indian Commissary Department will have no difficulty in obtaining supplies,—lack of ammunition may be a slight drawback, but then, when they capture a few trains, their wants in this respect will probably be filled. I don't know why the Government does not establish a military post, either at Fort Peck, Carroll, or at some point on the Milk River. Heaven knows it is badly needed! The country is alive with hostile Indians, and the five or six thousand Sioux who are usually congregated around Ft. Peck are not *Quakers* by any means,—I know this from personal experience in the shape of a half ounce bullet.

It seems that the annuities for the Fort Peck "Wards of the Nation," have not yet all reached there, and no distribution has yet taken place. This will not tend to increase the amibility of the Indians, as the annuities are Uncle Sam's Soothing Syrup, on which he chiefly relies to quiet poor Lo.

I have been trying to solve the tradership conundrum, at Fort Peck, but had to give il up. It stands, I believe, in this way: Mr. O. L. Grant obtained a license this last fall to trade there, and purchased the interest in stock and buildings owned by J. H. Charles, of Sioux City, but it seems "the pigs ran through" the bargain in some way; next came an order from the Department of the Interior revoking *all* licenses on the Missouri River; next, the Indian Agent, at Fort Peck, Maj. Alderson, gives the old trader a permit to re-open his store and trade, and lastly, Mr. Grant, on sending an agent to open *his* store is told he can't do so. Now, can you tell me who is the legal trader at Ft. Peck? It may be that all the trouble arises from the obscurity and clumsy construction of the English language, which according to some learned masters of words is very defective. A circular (I don't know if you have seem it) was issued by a philologist some time ago, in which he states that in the department of possessive adjectives pronouns, such as in the phrase, "it is placed to his or her credit," he will make a compound of these pronouns, sugestive of the singular number and possessive case, applicable as a pronoun for man or woman, namely *hizer*, "placed to hizer credit," and thus declined: Hesh, hizer, himer. Perhaps in the Ft. Peck tradership, "hizer" friends have not come forward along with "himer," while "hesh" has got "the inside track;"—why not *free trade*, and let "the best horse leap the ditch."

Everything at this Agency is quiet, the greater part of our Indians have moved further up the river to winter quarters, where wood is plenty and game can be had. Assisted and directed by Major Sperry, they have built pretty comfortable houses, and would be happy if they were sure the Sioux (or "shoes" as our old interpreter calls them) would let them alone. Major Sperry visits them frequently and faithfully attends to their wants—which, by the way, is no sinecure—as an Indian never wants to be not wanting.

W. C.

The new *Press and Dakotian* editor—recently editor of the Janesville *Gazette*—has improved that paper greatly.

(Special Correspondence N. Y. World.

NEILS PAARS.

Spirits in Kansas—Phrenic Magnetic Susceptibility—Spiritu-Hypnotism—a Remarkable Case.

There is a singular case of abnormal cerebral action in a house in Douglas street in Lawrence, Kan., which attracts a good deal of attention not only from spiritualists and fanatical folks of that stripe, but also from members of the medical faculty, who find some of the phenomena very hard to account for. I wish that Dr. Brown-Sequard, Professor Hammond, or some other of your eminent lights who are in the habit of investigating obscure nervous actions and conditions, would have an opportunity of seeing and studying the patient referred to, but this they in all probability never will have, for the patient is evidently sinking and all who have seen him think that he cannot long survive.

The man's name is Neils Paars. He is a Norwegian from the county of Lillehammer, is forty-three years old, and came to this country in 1869. He is a peasant, a stable hand in his native land, and is grossly ignorant, barely able to read, and cannot write or cipher—a low square-shouldered fellow, with yellow hair, dull blue eyes, and a stolid but kindly face. He came to this country with a large party of immigrants, and was married on board ship. Paars and his wife settled in Wisconsin, in Kenosha,, where he got a place as hostler and his wife kept house. After a while she tired of him and ran away to Milwaukee, and he, giving up his place, went west, finding work in the officers' quarters at Ft. Abercrombie. Thence, following the drum in his humble way, he went to Ft. Sully, to Laramie, to Kearney and other posts, coming finally to Ft. Dodge in the spring of this year.

Here, after driving a team for a while, he joined a party of hunters and went out with them towards the head waters of the Canadian. It was not healthy hunting in those regions this season, with so many Indians out. The party was surprised, attacked, and dispersed, and Paars scalped and left for dead. Some Texan drivers, who went out of their route on account of an Indian scare, found the Norwegian stripped and nearly dead. They patched up his head in the best way they could and brought him to Ellsworth, whence he was sent to this place for surgical aid.

Dr. De Monk, who had him in charge, says that the case, even in its surgical aspects, is one of the most remarkable ones on record, and he is preparing a report upon it to a medical journal at Louisville, he being a graduate of the school there. The man is certainly a ghastly object to behold. His right cheek is cleft through, bone and all, by a tomahawk stroke. Another cut across the frontal sinus has cut through the exterior plate of the skull, and somehow prevents him from opening his eyes, though, when you raise the lids, he can see tolerably well. In scalping him, his savage enemy, after cutting a circle around his head over four inches in diameter, found that the scalp would not come away. He consequently assisted himself with his little ax, and poor Paars has a round hole in the top of his skull an inch and more in diameter, the bone being chopped away and going along with the scalp. Through this hole, when it is open, you can see the brain very distinctly. He wears a silver plate upon the fissure, and covers his ghastly-looking bare skull with a padded silk cap.

Besides these wounds Neils received a deep knife thrust behind the left shoulder, penetrating into the lung. This wound has healed externally (as have the others), but the delicate internal tissues are irreparably injured, it seems, and the constant suppuration of the lungs is wearing poor Neils Paars' life away.

Dr. De Monk is very attentive to the man, and not only for professional reasons. In a few days after he came under the doctor's care there were observed some very curious phenomena, of an apparent periodicity yet entirely abiformal, in the man's case, which thoroughly puzzled De Monk, and which he has so far failed to account for on scientific grounds, and he is too hard-headed a sceptic to seek for explanation upon other grounds. I have remarked the man's palpable ignorance, and that it is of the grossest sort. I may add that, to remove the chance of deception, the Doctor has inquired of some of his fellow-immigrants who came with him from Lillehammer, and found that his history of his former life and associations is strictly true. He has always been a peasant, and had the very fewest opportunities to know any thing beyond the practical business of the stable-yard. His natural speech is an unlettered, vulgar dialect—his English broken, common, incorrect. But, about twilight every evening, sometimes earlier, sometimes later, but every evening since he has been in Dr. De Monk's care (even in the first days while he was still delirious and unable to recognize any one about him, or indeed to perform the simplest voluntary functions of nature), a subtle but very striking change comes over him. He falls into a species of trance, in which he lies motionless and seemingly insensible for some minutes. Then, with a sort of convulsive effort he reaches up both hands, removes the cap from his white and ghastly cranium and the silver tap that closes the fracture. Immediately the convulsion ceases, he becomes calm, equable, sometimes sits up, converses quietly but modestly in language much more elevated than his wont, or quotes rhapsodically to himself. At other times he lies quietly, his face transfigured so to speak by a certain rapturous awe that impresses every observer, and removes from his features every trace of its ordinary and habitual commonplace stolidity. His language now flows with burning rapture and a force of eloquence that is almost painful to hear. He has the gift of tongues, he quotes prose and poetry, in all languages; he exhorts, he testifies, he prays, he prophecies, he counsels, he charms, he inspires. Then, after intervals of incoherence, of broken rhapsody, of sheer exclamation and interjection, he is seized with an epileptic shudder, followed by profound coma. The coverings are at once readjusted to his skull, and presently, without any more manifestations, the patient sinks into a quiet slumber, which refreshes him, and from which he does not wake until morning, unless his cough is more troublesome than usual.

Dr. De Monk, who has studied every feature of the case with painful assiduity, says that, immediately upon the accession of the paroxysm, while the pulse seems only slightly accelerated and fuller, the brain begins to give evidence of extraordinary excitement. It swells and puffs out into the artificial foramen; its color deepens; under the glass a distinctly vermicular motion is discovered in the convolutions. As the paroxysm intensifies so does this motion, while the redness deepens, until, at the moment of the epileptic seizure, the color is almost purple. It then pales instantly and all motion ceases, all tumefaction goes down. While the body, limbs, and features seems to be perfectly calm during all these successive phenomena, there are constant nervous twitchings in some of the dorsal muscles, and there is also a less regular but distinct systole and dyastole about the epigastrium, a sort of succession short waves, attended with a tympanitic murmur.

In the state of trance, and especially when he is full of quotations—but indeed the Doctor says Neils Paars has nothing whatever in him, and so must be quoting all the time—in this state he is sometimes orphic enough to delight the soul of Emerson and make Alcott and Channing bite their lips with envy. But the question is, who does he quote from, and how does he get what he quotes? The Doctor, eager to find a rational solution of the problem, recalled that remarkable story so often quoted from Coleridge of the German professor's servant, who, long years afterwards, in her delirium, quoted pages of Greek and Hewbrew she had heard the learned man reading and reciting. "This man," said De Monk, "has for several years been hanging around camps and barracks. He has heard learned surgeons talking sagely, and picked up phrases of Galen and Van Helmont. He has heard our young officers discussing in idle hours every mystery under the sun, and has got his skull crammed with a routh of old knick-knackets, which, by some inscrutable brain process of memory, have stayed by him, to be belched forth in the moments of his cerebral excitement for the puzzlement of the groundlings."

But the Doctor's theory, plausible enough on the surface, was not adequate to embrace all the facts, and fell to the ground. Even he gave it up. In the first place, the quotations were not a mere farrago of rubbish shot senselessly forth—a cento of paragraphs disconnected and jumbled. There was a method, a continuity, a pertinence in them; they bore on the subject in hand, were of present propriety and immediate force, *ad summum propositum rei*. In the second placd, they raged over too wide and universal a field to have been picked up even from our accomplished officers in their most philosophical discussions. There has been told the story of the German private soldier inditing an epistle in Sanskrit from the battle-field of Koniggratz; but how often is the Bhagvat-Gita quoted in our frontier forts, or Parmenides among our bold cavalrymen? On one occasion I took down myself, with a surprise that I cannot conceal, quotations from Moschus, from Lucretius, from Dante, from Goethe, from Ben Jonson, and a whole series of sentences which I could not identify and sent to the learned Professor Gildersleeve, who said they were obscure but genuine and remarkably curious fragments, all having a certain connection and all relating to the Cabbala and the Eleusinian mysteries. How should this ignorant Norwegian peasant know anything about the obscure doctrines of the Pelasgi, or how could he pick up facts about them in the dormitories and kennels of our Western barracks?

On still another occasion an accomplished theologian of this town, struck by the similarity of one of Neils's phrases with something he had that day been reading in Beausobre's "Histoire du Manichee," carefully took down the entire passage, at least two pages long and, after some search, was able to identify it almost word for word with a chapter in the Fifth Ennead of Plotinus. Another long rhapsody, not being recognized by any of our experts here, was sent to the University of Michigan, and finally to Professor A. W. Whitney, who recognized the language to be old Finnish, and the matter a phrophetic poem very similar to the somnambulic "Daura," now sung by Lapland sorcerers in their ecstatic moments.

As a rule, however, Neils Paars' chief quotations are from medical and semi-medical enthusiasts and mystics like Paracelsus and Helmont, or from Gorres and Boehme, Gerson and Bruno, with the poets and more inspired and prophetic writers of all people. His diet, after he regained consciousness, has been only bread and water. He persistently refused the stimulants which Dr. De Monk tried to force on him. As he grew thinner and paler under the progress of his lung disease, his trances seemed to increase in duration and intensity, and with that his spiritual forces and his capacity for doing good.

But before I relate these remarkable latter performances, I must bring in new actors and describe their influence on the patient. Dr. De Monk had kept very quiet about Paars, only mentioning the case to his intimates, and not admitting more than two or three particular friends to the bed-side, or sick-room. Somehow, however, the curious circumstances got abroad, and Dr. De Monk was besieged with inquiries about his patient, and requests for permission to witness the performances. All these the Doctor persistently refused. Among rejected was quite a coterie professing spiritualists, who have been holding their regular seances in this town for quite a while. Returning to look after his charge one evening at sunset, his invariable custom, Dr. De Monk found the room in possession of one so-called Professor Bridgewater, the leader of the spiritual sect here, a sly, shrewd Vermonter, and his pupil, Miss Kitto, an angular maiden, whose age it would be cruel to conjecture. Both of these persons are spiritual physicians, and both of them mediums to the *maximth* power, reputed to have performed many miraculous cures and feats.

The Doctor, indignant, was about to eject them summarily, but poor Paars begged to have them remain, saying that they had visited him twice before, and had done him much good. Soon his trance state began, whereupon the mediums, dragging out a small table, with great eagerness formed a circle and waited for what they called "manifestations." The Doctor speedily found that Bridgewater had somehow a wonderful sort of control over the character of Paars's inspirations and rhapsodies, could guide them, and direct them to practical purposes. From this time Bridgewater became indispensable to Paars, quite ousted the Doctor, and presided over the nightly seances. At first these were private, but latterly a good many persons have been admitted to them, and there is quite an excitement over the cures performed by the invalid.

Bridgewater explains the phenomena which occur during Paars's trances in accordance with his own peculiar spiritistic doctrines. He says that Paars is a natural medium, but the spirits flock to him in greater numbers than to any other intermediary for the reason that they have discovered that, by breathing (the idea of a spirit's breathing!) in upon the brain through the fracture in his cranium, they can put themselves in rapport with his consciousness, so much so as to create an almost absolute identity between his mental operations and the external inspiring force. The great advantage to the spirits of this mode of communication is that they can communicate exactly their own ideas in their own language, and without any obstructions and distortions and perversions inevitable when less transparent media are employed. Bridgewater, who professes a profound faith in his doctrines, seems to have the greatest expectations of obtaining through Paars a whole corpus of the most perfect spiritistic theology, cosmogony, and philosophy—one that will be less distorted, and therefore more rational, than anything which has yet proceeded from Sweedenborg or Andrew Jackson Davis, who, thoroughly sincere as they are, have not been able so completely to eliminate their own idiosyncrasies as to furaish a pure, clarified medium for the transmission from without of those superior intelligences so much desired. To this work Bridgewater devotes himself body and mind, sitting by the patient, note-book in hand, taking down all his utterances, and collating them according to a system which he says the patient himself ordained.

He hoped that while prescribing so miraculously for the diseases of others, that Paars would be able to indicate how to cure his own mortal affliction. But this, after many trials, Paars declined to do. The spiritual intelligence, speaking through Socrates, he said, forbade him. The essential character of a pure medium must be utter sincerity. But sincerity cannot exist where any sort of selfishmess is intrenched upon it. It was, therefore, necessary for him, in the process of developing his mediumistic powers to the culminating point, to have no concern whatsoever for himself. At the same time he is represented to have predicted his own end with sufficient clearness. The spirit of Cazotte spoke through him and said, "If you look into the papers of M. de la Harpe you will find what I said about some great people, and about Cazotte also. The medium's case is the case of Cazotte." I have had the curiosity to look up these references, and find that it is probable Cazotte meant what he said in reference to the siege of Jerusalem, when "a man for seven successive days went round the ramparts of that city, in sight of the besieged and besiegers, crying incessantly in a loud and inauspicious voice, 'Woe to Jerusalem!' and on the seventh day he cried, 'Woe to Jerusalem and to myself!' and at that very moment an enormous stone thrown by the machine of the enemy dashed him to pieces." In fact, Dr. De Monk says that this perilous periodic cerebral excitement of Paars's, which greatly aggravates his malady and hasteus its inevitable result, is profoundly intensified by the mediumistic influences and trial to which he is subjected.

But, if he is not physician enough to heal himself, Paars can certainly perform astonishing cures upon others. Some of these performanees, as related to me, are simply miraculous. I prefer, however, not to retail rumors, but only tell what I have seen myself. One evening, while he was eloquently discoursing, in full trance, with the doctor on one side, Bridgewater on the other, and several other persons in the room, there was a sudden outcry at the door—men calling for the doctor, &c. Before we could get to the door it was burst open and a man appeared, supported by two others and bleeding profusely from a deep wound in the neck. The doctor flew to his assistance, and got me to hold the wound—a gaping horrible gash—together, while he made ready some lint and bandages. Suddenly Paars cried from the bed, "*Ostel mihi pugionem scopedel!*" The tone was quick, peremptory. Everyone looked at him. He was holding his eyelids up with one hand. The doctor, smiling, said, "He wants a dagger!" But Paars exclaimed, still more peremptorily, "*Minime! ipsissimum pugionem!*" "He wants the knife the man stabbed with," said Bridgewater. The town marshall, who was behind the crowd, produced a large bowie knife. Paars took it, held the blade for a moment over the opening in his skull, then said, "Bring him here!" The doctor, still busy, looked at me, quaintly winking. But the wounded insisted upon going, and I went with him, still holding the wound. Paars turned the wounded part towards himself, and struck down my hands with the handle of the dagger. A great gout of thick blood come out when Paars applied the knife-blade broadside over the incision, which he had to feel for with his fingers, whispering a sort of incantation, which Bridgewater took down. In a minute more Paars removed the knife, handed it to the man, and said: "Go home and behave yourself!" He was healed! The Doctor, after examining it carefully, put a light bandage upon it, and told the man he had no further need of surgical aid. "As perfect a cicatrix as ever I saw!" he cried to me. "How do you explain it?" I asked. He shrugged his shoulders—"I don't explain it at all—don't try. If there were many Paars's there'd be fewer doctors."

The incantation, exactly as Bridgewater wrote it, is as follows: "*Aggo hamasmi lokassa; jettho hamasmi lokassa; settho hamasmi lokassa.*" I am not linguist enough to interpret it, but am told it is a sort of Buddhist confession of faith in some Indo-Aryan tongue.

I have seen Paars, by using the same or similar processes, cure a congestive chill in the acute stage, relieve three cases of palsy, and instantaneously restore to symmetry a bad case of club-foot. If I were to relate all I have heard I could fill several volumes with miraculous cures, but the above are all the cures performed in my presence. How he does these things I do not pretend to understand. Bridgewater has his explanation at anybody's service, but I do not think it amounts to much, unless one is a believer in the spiritistic hallucination.

I have spoken of the record which Bridgewater keeps of Paars's vaticinations, with the view to make from it a "Codex Sinaiticus Theologiæ Parsii." I have looked over some of the pages. There is a deal of nonsense about it. It is all unintelligible to me, but still there is much that is eloquent and even sublime. I set down here at random a few sentences that impressed me:

I distinguish not except when I am all; I go perplexed and bound in mind: the first-born of ideas yet travails in the womb of consciousness.

The felloes are twelve, the wheel is One, the axel pierces to the centre, the innumerable spokes whirl pointing every whither, and everywhere is light, dew, motion.

Invoke Him, spirits, mortals, names; Him, the well-winged Celestial, Comrade, Master, King; germ of waters, fountain-light; displayer of herbs; ministering ubiquity!

The feeling of offering is the kindling spark of Divine Light, Light that purifies.

In the shoreless ocean, where spheres and suns rise and sink like the nautilus with paper hull, greater than the Great, streaming with Light to which light is darkness, It dwells. All enters here; all tarries; none departs. Highest Unchangeable, infinite Infinites of mutation, ruffle not one wave of the calm sea in which it dwelleth.

Only within is transitoriness. Without, above, beyond is calm, is peace, is joy.

Seek the other shore, mortal, and awake from thy uneasy dream. Light, Love, Rest in Activity.

In the triple arch above, where only pleasure rules, there are the radiant places; there immortality soars on tireless wings. Innermost place, where wishing and longing and weariness stay without and happiness and satisfaction abide within, crowning triple Arch, we transcend thee.

I come from a fruitful place of many vines, and choruses resound there; and gathered spirits with varigated robes cover the streets with fern-like fragrant flowers, and crown their heads with leaves, and wear jewels on their breasts, dancing, being joyous, while girls braid their hair in mossy tangles, in whirling waltzes, emulous of the quivering plane-leaves, the zephyrs, and the fountains. The plains flow with milk, with wine, with the nectar of celestial bees, and the wandering choruses tinkle their diamond-tipped sandals like the sparkle of mountain brooks flowing over golden sands, &c., &c.

But I have already exceeded my limits, though the curious subject is by no means exhausted. The great question with me is, how is an unbeliever in spiritism to account for the phenomena manisested in this case of Neils Paars? He will probably not survive many weeks, and for that reason I deeply regret that some of your great specialists in nervous diseases cannot examine into the case.

LEGISLATIVE NOTES.

Col. Lounsberry is expected in Yankton to-day, and he will try to push the memorial to Congress for the right of way for the Bismarck and Black Hills narrow guage railway.

The Govenor's message is a model of excellence. It takes strong ground for the advancement of the material resources of the territory, denounces usury severely, and recommends legislation.

John Lawrence introduced Council File No. One—memorial for division of the territory. The rules were suspended and the bill passed without opposition; also passed a memorial for the opening of the Black Hills.

The Yankton *Herald* takes a lively interest in Hackett's favor, while the *Press and Dakotian* declines to express an opinion. Hackett is undoubtedly entitled to a seat, and will probably get it. Election returns was presented from Buford, giving McKay ninety-three votes, through which he gained his certificate.

It seems that Williams and Bosworth were admitted without contest. Mc Kay received his certificate of election and was admitted to a seat; a contest followed and is now in progress. McKay has been arrested for complicity in the Harter murder case, and attends the investigation in charge of the Sheriff, lodging meanwhile in jail.

A bill constituting Northern Dakota one judicial district, and establishing the U. S. Court at Fargo has passed the Yankton legislature. The Bismarck delegation made a good fight, but the unfortunate contest operated against them. Bismarck people will learn that in order to gain legislative favor, which will be needed, it is necessary to unite in favor of good men—men who will have some influence on their associates.

The young she-bear kept on board the steamer Josephine, is a curiosity worth seeing. She goes by the name of Kate, and is said to be a genuine cinnamon bear, though some think she may belong to the grizzly species. Her history is brief. Some Indians caught her last spring in the Black Hills, and presented her to Maj. W. H. Bingham, but being deemed an unsafe playmate for the children, she was taken in charge by Capt. Marsh, of the steamer Josephine. She is now very fat, large and playful, and appears completely tamed, so that it is very interesting to frolic with her and study her native traits as improved by civilization. There is a remarkable fondness between a large black dog and this bear, and they will scuffle and growl, pull hair and tumble each other around by the hour, all in perfect good humor. Kate delights to make believe that she is biting her keeper, but is very gentle about it, never tearing his clothes or using the strength of her savage jaws. She runs at liberty on the deck, and is about as fat, shaggy and saucy a cub as one will find, weighing probably about 175 pounds. Great intelligence is displayed by this creature. Wishing to learn the secret of the gold mines in her native habitat, we asked confidentially, "Are the wonderful narratives of auriferous deposits in the soil of those flowery vales really well authenticated?" The knowing animal replied in the affirmative by gently clawing the deck, as if to say, "you can just rake the nuggets out like that!"—*Press and Dakotaian.*

Kate Field says the man is not living that ever held her hand in his more than three seconds at a time. Too bad! When did he die?

IMPERFECT PAGE

Imperfect Page

DREAM.

ANNIE ELIZABETH NOXON.

Why should a dream be sweeter, dear,
Than waking moments are?
Why must the cold and cruel day,
The happiest visions mar?
For as we meet, we quickly meet,
Amid the busy crowd;
And I must still the foolish heart,
Which flutters fast and loud.

But in my dreams a face will come,
And, oh, the sweet surprise;
To tremble at your tender touch,
And gaze into your eyes.
To feel your breath upon my cheek,
I could condemn the day:
And from such sleep would never wake,
But dream the years away.

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THE AMAZONIAN CORPS.

A Romance of the Army.

BY LINDA W. SLAUGHTER.

CHAPTER IV.—THE AWKWARD SQUAD.

The feelings of Ross as he stood with his companions at the depot, awaiting the arrival of the train that was to bear him away from his childhood's home, were a mingled chaos of exultation and regret. He rejoiced in his new found freedom, and with a buoyant faith in his untried fortunes, contemplated the journey before him with a corresponding elation of mind.

But, under it all, was a faint chiding of conscience, as the thought obtruded, of his mother's grief when his desertion was discovered, and this, beside the natural sorrow of parting from his loved ones, and shame for the deceit he had practiced upon them, made him restive and uneasy.

Pending the time between the enlistment and departure of the recruits, the Sergeant had kept Ross and his two companions under close surveillance. They had that morning reported at the Lieutenant's office, where the Sergeant was admitted to a two minutes interview, while the recruits waited in the hall without. On the reappearance of that brisk official, they were marched quickly to the depot where we find them.

Ross regretted this, because it gave him no opportunity to say "goodbye" to the Lieutenant. He had taken kindly to that indolent young officer, and had grown to like his mild insipid face. He felt a measure of disappointment that he did not come out to see them off, and now was half inclined to accuse himself of want of courtesy in not having gone himself into the office and given him a parting handshake.

But the whistle of the approaching train scattered his train of thoughts to the four winds.

The Sergeant stepped briskly forward and marshalled his men, and the moment the train stopped, boarded it with his compact squad and stowed them away in the cattle car. Ross had heretofore stood somewhat in awe of the Sergeant. Indeed that worthy's mind was so imbued with a sense of his own superiority that he contrived to impress a certain respect for his own importance upon all with whom he came in contact, and Ross, in his inexperience, cheerfully accorded him the deference to which, from his dignified bearing he seemed entitled. But when he found himself thrust with deliberate intention and malice prepense, into the loathsome interior of the cattle pen, with the obvious intent of making him perform the journey in its redolent atmosphere, his indignation knew no bounds. In his ignorance of the mode of government transportation he attacked the Sergeant as the responsible party, and poured forth such a fierce tirade of angry words and bitter denunciations, that startled even himself. But the Sergeant took not the slightest notice of his vehement protestations. Having seen the baggage safely disposed of, he calmly retired to his own accommodations in the luxurious recesses of the baggage car, and left Ross fuming in the cattle pen.

This was but the beginning of troubles, so far as poor Ross was concerned. Both of his companions were drunk. The countryman in a state of stupor, soon tumbled into a corner of the car and went to sleep, but the discharged soldier, who, in the presence of the Sergeant, had been the meekest and most abject of mortals, so soon as the train was in motion became suddenly noisy and unruly, and declared himself spoiling for a fight.

His belligerent demonstrations excited great uneasiness in Ross' mind. He was of a peaceable disposition, and his experience in the art defensive was limited to an occasional rencontre at boyish fisticuffs on the village green. Hence he sought to evade a contest with such unequal odds against him, and watched his opponent warily. Round and round the car they circled, Ross all the while dodging nimbly out of the reach of the long arms that were outstretched to grasp him, his pursuer all the while pouring forth a torrent of profanity that was inexpressibly shocking to a well-bred, reverent boy like Ross, and which, taken in connection with the direful threats to which it was an accompaniment, fairly made his hair stand on end.

Ross' agile manœuvres were aided and abetted by the incessant rocking of the car and the unsteady gait of his tormentor, who at length succumbed to the superior tactics and endurance of the lad, and sank down exhausted on the floor of the car, when he too, fell into a drunken slumber, and left Ross to his own reflections.

These were bitter enough. At the first station where the train stopped, the Sergeant came around to look after the safety of his men, and to him Ross appealed, firmly declaring that he would not go a step farther in such company and with such surroundings.

The Sergeant condescended no reply, but coolly locked the door of the car and put the key in his pocket. "He's a high minded cuss," Ross heard him say to a cattle dealer, who had come around at the same time to attend to the comfort of his mules in the adjoining car,—"but he'll know better than to cut up shines in a month or two."

The horrible journey was ended at last. The train reached Chicago, and the Sergeant was promptly on hand to unlock the door and rouse up his sleeping troops.

Ross said nothing this time, but the young countryman showed signs of returning sobriety, and was disposed to protest against his having been brought there at all, and, seeing it, the Sergeant drew him gently behind the door of the car, and administered a quietus in the shape of a generous draught of poor whisky.

This little side-scene did not escape the notice of Ross' late enemy. Drunk as he was he had sufficient wit to comprehend the situation, and rousing himself quickly to a sitting posture, he looked eagerly forward with the blissful anticipation of receiving a like portion for himself. His disappointment, when the Sergeant returned the bottle quickly to his pocket, was truly laughable. With an injured expression of countenance, he struggled slowly to his feet, and on the Sergeant's leaving the car for a moment, he vented his pent-up wrath and chagrin by vindictively kicking the shins of the countryman.

"Wot could be meaner than that," he said in a profane aside to Ross,—"givin' a feller a drink,—and not givin' none to another feller wat's dry and feels the want of it! It's meaner 'en sin; besides its agin regulations, and I'll report that Sergeant to the Commandin' Officer, sure! Givin' whisky to enlisted men!"

The return of the Sergeant cut short his harangue, and though he instantly assumed the compliant manner that he always wore in the presence of authority, it was evident that he considered himself a martyr to ill usage, and endeavored to establish a co-partnership of sympathy between Ross and himself on that score. His injured feelings found expression in savagely poking his elbow into the ribs of the half unconscious countryman, and wickedly shaking his fist at the Sergeant, with violent contortions of countenance whenever that sharp sighted individual's back was turned.

The delay here was brief. The Sergeant soon mustered his handful of men, and conducted them rapidly along the streets to the Recruiting Depot. Here he was met by a bearded officer to whom he turned over his men, and their descriptive lists, taking a receipt for the former, like so many articles of merchandise. This duty finished, with a grand *salaam* he backed gracefully out of the door, and Ross saw him afterward.

There were some fifty recruits already congregated here, undergoing the various processes of drill necessary to fit them for their new position.

The new arrivals were at once assigned to quarters in the common sleeping room—Ross and the countryman sharing one bed, or "bunk," between them.

The bed consisted of a narrow straw mattress and pillow, and an army blanket,—and though the fastidious Ross at first rebelled at the absence of sheets and pillow-cases, he slept soundly thereon, despite the kicks and groanings of his uneasy bedfellow.

At daylight next morning they were roused by the beating of a drum. A little of Ross' old enthusiasm revived at the inspiring sound, and he answered to his name at roll-call with a buoyancy of heart he had not felt for several days.

The next call was for breakfast, and Ross soon found himself one of a motley crew surrounding a bare board table, each man bringing with him his own tin plate and cup, and knife and fork. The fare consisted of strong, black coffee, with brown sugar, a half pound loaf of wheat bread, and fresh beef—good enough for anybody, one would have supposed, but the cooking was execrable. The coffee was scorched, the bread soggy, and the beef burned. The contrast with his mother's delicate cookery was too great, and Ross could eat but little, and the remainder of his share was instantly gobbled up by his right hand neighbor.

Dinner was a repetition of breakfast, with the addition of bean soup, and which, like the coffee, was rendered bitter and unpalatable by too much and unskillful cooking.

Supper was the same as breakfast. Ross by this time was thoroughly hungry, and mastering his aversion to the unwholesome food, ate heartily, to the great disappointment of his next neighbor.

The education of the young soldier now began in earnest. His first lesson began with the word "obey." He was taught that the first, last, and whole duty of a soldier was to *obey* promptly, mechanically and without question the orders of the officers appointed over him.

By a course of severe discipline, he was like taught to "know his place." Between an officer and a common soldier, in the regular army, a great gulf is fixed, which nothing like familiarity ever spans.

A soldier is looked upon as something a little more useful than a dog; a degree better, perhaps, than a horse, but never regarded as a man and brother. No conversation is held with him. He is peremptorily ordered, and, like a machine, obeys. Indeed, the nearer he approximates to a soulless machine, the better soldier he becomes.

Ross learned this lesson slowly. Independent and spirited by nature, he could not at first submit cheerfully to the orders of men whom he knew to be his inferiors in all things, save in the accident of position, and in the transition state from recruit to soldier was more than once involved in serious trouble on this account.

He was also drilled effectually in the school of the soldier, and subjected to a severe course of gymnastic exercises, as a part of his preliminary training. The drill master was a private soldier, assigned to that laborious position on the strength of a well deserved reputation as a strict disciplinarian, and who was well spoken of among his superiors as possessing unlimited tact and success in breaking the spirit of the young recruit.

Ross suffered most from this man's petty tyranny. The dislike was mutual, and originated at their first moment of meeting; from the repulsion of their opposite natures. The soldier was a course, brutal fellow, and when his eyes first fell upon the handsome face and graceful form of Ross, as he stepped quickly to his place in the line, his brow lowered, and he growled, "There, you feller, don't step quite so smart,—don't want none of your fine gentleman airs around here, 'taint the place for 'em."

As is always the case in the lower strata of human affairs, the show of power is always proportionate to the non-importance of the position. The more insignificant the office, the greater the display of authority,—and this man, "clothed in a little brief authority," made Ross' life a burden of perpetual worry. But he learned easily the postures and exercises, and despite the daily badgering to which he was subjected, acquitted himself with credit.

Not so with his friend, the countryman. He was naturally awkward, and with the best intentions in the world, was always getting in the way. His loose-jointed form and shambling gait, were insuperable obstacles in the way of his progress. He was always in disgrace, and Ross, one evening, seeing him, with a most doleful expression of face, sitting forlornly on the edge of the bunk, went and sat down by him. The poor fellow looked up gratefully.

"Say, 'aint you Parson Inglebright's son?" he enquired, after a moment's pause.

"Yes," said Ross, his heart bounding at the mention of his father's name.

"Then, what the deuce did you want to enlist for?"

"Because," answered Ross sadly, and with a faint huskiness in his voice, "Because,—it's—it's so very different from what I expected."

"But, by George, wasn't you sober?" responded the other with much feeling; "What a precious fool you must have been to run into this with your eyes open. Now, I was *drunk*, drunk as a boiled owl,—drunk when I enlisted, drunk when I took the oath, and drunk when I got here,—and made drunk, too, for that very purpose, by that rascally thief of a Sergeant who brought us here. I'll break every bone in his thieving body, if I ever catch him when I'm sober!"

"Now, just lookee here," he resumed, rising from his seat, and warming with his subject,—"I live ten miles from Gayville, and have got one of the finest farms in the country, there. I've heard your father preach many a time, and my brother Phil was one of the boys that went to the war with him. Poor fellow! he was never heard of afterwards; but then there was some glory in fighting then. Things is different now, and I'd give every cent I've got in the world to be safe out of this."

"Why, just think of the meanness of it,"—he continued, resuming his seat, and speaking in a confidential tone, "you see the way it came about, I had been to Gayvill with a load of hay, and after it got dark I thought I'd stroll around a little, and see the sights, bein' as how I didn't often get to town, and while I was sittin' in a saloon, a feller came up to me, and said he, "you look kind a lonesome like, wouldn't you like to try your hand at a little game, just to pass the time,"—and seein' as how he looked so kind and sociable, I thought it wouldn't be polite to refuse, so down I sat with him and another feller. It was a mighty easy game; anybody could play it, but, somehow, I didn't exactly get the run of it, and the first thing I knew, I was euchered out of my hay, horses, wagon and all. You'd better believe I felt mean; I went out of doors to think, and as I was a standin' on the street, a studyin' about how I was ever to go home and tell my folks about it, along came this same Sergeant. "Here, my fine fellow," says he, a clappin' me on the shoulder; "you're in a bit of trouble, arn't you?

"Indeed, I am," says I; and then I up and told him all about. "It's a burnin' shame," said he, "and I only wish I had run across you sooner, so I could a put you on your guard against them swindlers. They're sharpers—regular sharpers—and you, my friend, are a little bit verdant, and too honest by far. Yes; it's a great pity I didn't make your acquaintance sooner. I could have told you all about their cheatin' tricks."

"I felt mighty sorry, I can tell you, that I had not got acquainted with him sooner; but seein' as what was past couldn't be helped, I asked him, would he tell me what to do—bein' as how I was in the scrape—to get out of it."

"Just what I was a goin' to tell you," said he, in the most insinuatin' sort of a tone; "of course you haven't any notion of goin' back home?—No? you see that wouldn't do. There'd be a thunderin' row if you did, and you'ld be the laughin' stock of the whole country. Now, the only thing for you to do is to strike out on a new course, and show your independence. Now, what do you say to the army? That's the place for such fellows as you. Good pay; good grub, and plenty of it, good company, and no sharpers. S'pose you come home with me and stay all night, and let's talk it over?"

"I was mighty glad, you may be sure, seein' as how I didn't have a cent to pay for a night's lodgin', so we went first into a doggery, and he treated me handsome; so by the time we got home to his room, my feet felt as if each one had a fifty pound weight tied to it. Old Tanglelegs had me sure enough. I didn't know nothin' more until the next day, and then there was them two private fellows; they come around there with a drum and fife, and got to talkin' about the Army, and what a fine place it was, and what good times the boys had, and how any one was to be pitied who wasn't a soldier,—and then the Sergeant, he came around and gave me a good, big drink, and off I went with him to that little whipper-snapper of a Leftenant and give in my name, and after that whenever I begin to come to myself, the Sergeant, he'd keep a pourin' the whisky into me, and here I am," he added sorrowfully, "playin' leap-frog for that old villain of a drill master, but it isn't my fault," and, starting to his feet with sudden energy, "I vow I'll run away the first chance I get!"

Ross had delayed writing to his home, intending to wait until the close of his first month of service, that he might enclose to his mother the amount of his pay.

To this end he had made very sparing purchases. A pocket-comb, a tooth-brush, and a few other neceessary little articles, in which he invested, were purchased on credit at the sutler's store, the benevolent proprietor of that charitable establishment generously offering to wait for his money, until the paymaster made his next monthly visit.

That welcome visitor came at last, and the recruits were mustered for pay. Ross stood in the ranks with a beating heart, and when his name was called, he approached the pay table, with a light step, and confidently asked that a check be made out in his mother's name for the greater part of the amount.

Judge, then, of his astonsahment when he discovered that the just dues of the laundress, and the unjust charges of the sutler had swallowed up all his little pittance, and out of his whole thirteen dollars he had not left one penny for himself.

He retired with a heavy heart, his lacerated feelings receiving an additional gouge from the smile of amusement that lit up the face of the paymaster.

He felt too much discouraged to write home at all. Besides he hadn't any money with which to buy note paper, envelopes, and postage stamps, and his friend, the countryman, of whom he might otherwise have borrowed, was in even a worse predicament than himself, having spent not only his one month's wages, but mortgaged the next in advance.

The nex. day the recruits received their muskets, and the first issues of clothing were made. Ross' spirits rose with a jubilant lightness at sight of the familiar blue uniform, and as he donned his neatly fitting suit, and marked its becomingness to his handsome face and rounded limbs, he felt that he was at last a soldier,—a butterfly warrior emerged from the chrysalis recruit, and with a hopeful heart and undimmed trust in the future, he set out with three days' rations in his haversack, to join the regiment to which he and his companions had been assigned.

(Continued next week.)

Bank of Bismarck.

RECEIVES DEPOSITS SUBJECT TO SIGHT DRAFT.—INTEREST ALLOWED ON TIME DEPOSITS—EASTERN EXCHANGE BOUGHT AND SOLD.

Collections Made & Promptly Remitted.

JAS. W. RAYMOND & CO.

CHARLES H. McCARTY,
LIVERY, SALE
—AND—
FEEDSTABLE
Cor. Third and Thayer Sts.

Buggies and Saddle horses for hire by the day or hour at reasonable rates.
Our buggies and harnesses are new and of the best manufacture and style and our stock good. Parties wishing teams for any distant point can be accommodated at fair rates.
Our Stable is large and airy and accommodations for Boarding stock the best in the country.
Stock sold on commission. 15y

CAPITOL HOTEL,
BISMARCK, - - D. T.,
Opposite the N. P. R. R. Depot.
This Hotel is new and kept in Good Style. Travelers will have every accommodation to insure their comfort.
R. R. MARSH & CO.,
Proprietors.

M. M. FULLER,
Commission Merchant,
MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.
Wholesale and Retail dealer in Flour, Feed, Butter, Eggs, &c., &c. Northern Pacific dealers will find it to their interest to communicate with this house before purchasing elsewhere.
v2no7-1y

OSTLAND'S
Livery & Feed
STABLE,
Cor. Fifth and Main Sts.
Buggies and Saddle Horses for hire by the day or hour at reasonable rates.
My Buggies and Harness are new and of the best manufacture and style, and our Stock good. Parties wishing teams for any distant point can be accommodated at fair rates.
My Stable is large and airy, and accommodations for Boarding stock the best in the country. 39-3m

B. F. SLAUGHTER, M. D.,
Physician & Surgeon
U. S. Pension Examining Surgeon.
Office in Residence Corner of Main and Second Streets. 11y

CHAS. STEARNS. CHAS. LOUIS.
STEARNS & LOUIS,
PRACTICAL
House and Sign Painters,
Main St., bet. 5th and 6th, Bismarck, D. T.
30—y1

JOHN P. FORSTER.
Main St., 3 Doors West of Capitol Hotel,
BISMARCK, D. T.
FIRST CLASS RESTAURANT,
AND
ICE CREAM SALOON.
Confectionery, Pasty and Cake Baker. Meals at all hours of the Day. Board by the Day or Week. All orders for FLOWERS or VEGETABLES promptly filled. 1-47tf

ROBERT CRAIG. JNO. P. LARKIN.
CRAIG & LARKIN,
IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN
CROCKERY, FRENCH CHINA,
Glassware, Lamps, Looking Glasses and House Furnishing Goods, 66 East Third Street, Old No. 137, St. Paul Minn. 1-48y1

J. C. Oswald,
WHOLESALE DEALER IN
BOURBON AND RYE WHISKIES,
Brandies, Gins, Wines and Cigars,
No. 3 Pence Opera House,
Minneapolis, Minnesota.

JOHN MATHEIS'
Carpet House!
Carpets, Wall Paper and Window Shades, Lace and Muslin Curtains, 44 and 46 W Third Street, St. Paul, Minn. 2-5y1

JOSIAH DELAMATER. GEO. P. FLANNERY.
DELAMATER & FLANNERY,
ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS-AT-LAW, REAL ESTATE AND INSURANCE AGENTS.
BISMARCK, - - D. T.
Lands located. Abstracts of title furnished, and collection of claims promptly attended to. 1-47tf

THOMAS VAN ETTEN,
Attorney and Counselor
AT LAW.
BISMARCK, - - - DAKOTA.
1-50

JOHN A. STOYELL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Bismarck, D. T.
1-42y1

E. A. Williams,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR-AT-LAW, REAL ESTATE AND COLLECTION AGENT.
BISMARCK, - - - D. T

IMPERFECT PAGE

The Bismarck Tribune.

BISMARCK AND VICINITY.

Bismarck, D. T., Dec. 23, 1874.

WAR DEPARTMENT.

Signal Service, U. S. A.

DIVISION OF TELEGRAMS, AND REPORTS FOR THE BENEFIT OF COMMERCE AND AGRICULTURE, BISMARCK, DAKOTA TERRITORY.

REPORT OF TEMPERATURE, ETC., FOR THE WEEK ENDING TUESDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1874.

Day of Week.	Mean Barometer.	Mean Thermometer.	Mean Humidity.	Ave. Direction of Wind.	Daily Velocity.	Amt. of Snow & Rain.	State of the Weather.
Wednesday	29.560	23.25	66.25	N	54	.00	Cloudy.
Thursday	30.271	9.875	54.50	N	361.	.00	Fair.
Friday	30.118	21.875	45.20	SW	133.	.00	Clear.
Saturday	29.889	28.00	59.25	NW	188	.03	Fair.
Sunday	30.212	20.50	54.50	N	142	.03	Lt. Snow.
Monday	30.056	28.75	63.25	N W	225	.00	Cloudy.
Tuesday	29.692	18.50	65.05	N	314	.00	Cloudy.
Weekly Means	29.895	21.464	58.23	N	8.5 h	.08	Cloudy.

Highest temperature, 40°
Lowest temperature, —1°

J. H. SMITH, Observer Sergeant, Signal Service, U. S. A.

Services at the Presbyterian Church in the morning at half past 10 o'clock, in the evening at half past seven. Prayer meeting on Thursday evening at half past seven o'clock.

Those of our subscribers who were to pay their subscriptions in wood will please bring it right along. "Now is the accepted time," and we want it.

Sterescopic views and lenses—a beautiful christmas present, at Dunn & Co's drug store. 21w5

Our fellow townsman, M. D. Hogan, was in Yankton, on the 1st inst., having made the overland trip safely.

Pocket cutlery, combs, brushes, &c., nice Holliday presents, at Dunn & Co's drug store. 21w5

"Paddy" Hall had his examination for shooting O'Neil, before H. M. Davis, Esq., and was acquitted, a verdict of justifiable homicide being given.

Writing desks and stationery at Dunn & Co's drug store. 21w5

Mrs. Slaughter has appointed Mr. E. M. Brown, Jr., Assistant Postmaster, and the Postoffice will be removed this week to Dr. Slaughter's warehouse on Front Street.

Checker and backgammon boards, chessmen, &c., at Dunn & Co's drug store. 21w5

The TRIBUNE is now burning coal from the Ft. Lincoln coal mine. We have no trouble in "warming up." It is better and cheaper than wood, and much more convenient. Try it.

What nicer Christmas present could a husband make his wife than a silk or alapaca dress? McLean has a splendid assortment to select from. 21w5

Please remember that the lucky man in that raffle will have a $60 suit of clothes, made to order by Eckford & Ryan, for only $2. Cheap enough.

Christmas Ball and Supper.

A Christmas Ball and Supper will be celebrated at the Railroad Hotel, Bismarck, on Friday evening, December 25th. A happy time may be anticipated by all, and Mr. O'Connor guarantees his effort to please all that may come to see him on that festive occasion. Music by Marshall's Celebrated Pioneer Band. JOHN O'CONNOR.

Trappers and Hunters ought to call on Kauffmann & Co., as they get there the most cash for furs and skins. *

Ladies workboxes and writing desks, something useful and nice for holliday presents, at McLean's supply store. 21w5

Groceries, provisions, flour and feed, at McLean's supply store. 21w5

For a fine suit of clothes at a reasonable price, call on McLean. 21w5

Christmas toys, china vases, perfumery, &c., at McLean's. 21w5

Nubias and scarfs,—a cheap and useful Christmas present, at McLean's supply store. 21w5

Hats and caps in great variety at McLean's. 21w5

All kinds of respectable Commission business carefully attended to by Kauffmann & Co. *

Extra Fine and Genuine Old Jamaica Rum for Holiday Festivals at Kauffmann & Co's. *

At a late meeting of Bismarck Lodge, A.·. F.·. & A.·. M.·. Thomas Van Etten, C. Bloomer, and W. S. Brown, were appointed a committee to draft resolutions upon the death of C. J. Miller. The following were adopted:

WHEREAS our esteemed Brother CLINTON J. MILLER, has been cut off in the prime of his life, and has been taken from his sphere of usefulness to the Celestial Lodge above, where the Supreme Architect of the Universe presides, therefore be it

RESOLVED, That in the melancholy circumstances of our esteemed brother's death, we recognize the hand of an All Wise Providence, who, though he moves mysteriously, yet doeth all things well.

RESOLVED, That our esteemed brother in his life and connection with our order, was humane, generous, and faithful to the duties and obligations of our order. As a citizen, he was true to his friends, courteous to all, moral, upright, and efficient in the positions of trust he held.

To the members of his family we tender our heartfelt sympathy in this their sad bereavement, and deeply lament with them that they will never look upon his face again, and that we deplore fate, reminding them that their sorrow is our sorrow, and their loss our loss.

RESOLVED, That these resolutions be published in the Bismarck TRIBUNE, and that they be spread upon the minutes of our Lodge, and a copy of them be transmitted to his family.

THOMAS VAN ETTEN,
W. S. BROWN,
CHAS. BLOOMER.

Holliday goods in great variety at Dunn & Co's drug store. 21w5

There is no drug store north of St. Paul that presents a nicer appearance that Nicholson and Porter's. In fact the drug side of their store looks as nice as any eastern store. The furniture and drugs are all new and fresh, and of the first quality. On the other side of the store they have a fine lot of stationery and fancy articles suitable for Christmas presents. Also nuts of all kinds, and the best assortment of candies that have ever been in Bismarck.

A splendid assortment of Holliday goods, warranted as represented, at Fred Strauss' jewelry store. 21w5

New Year's Ball.

A New Year's Ball will be celebrated at the Bailey House, on New Year's Eve. No pains will be spared to make this the most enjoyable and festive assembly of the season. The hall is a good one, and music by Marshall's Pioneer Band will be a sufficient guarranty for entire satisfaction.

BAILEY & HARRIS.

The corner of Main and Third Sts., that is the place to spend money during the Holidays. Kauffmann & Co., are quite social dealers and will always treat you well. *

FURS BOUGHT.

Highest cash prices at Kauffmann & Co's. *

Last week Lt. Custer arrested the brother of Iron Horn at Standing Rock, for the murder of Veterinary Surgeon Honsinger, on the 4th of August, 1873, while on the Yellowstone Expedition. Iron Horn wished to come along to see that his brother had fair play, and Tom Custer generously allowed him to do so, and at the same time held him as a hostage for the good behavior of the Indians at the agency. They, howevever, got on their ears about it, and Maj. Palmer asked for troops to quell the disturbance. Capt. French and his company of cavalry from Ft. Rice, went down to the agency last Friday, and two companies of infantry from Lincoln under Poland and Humbert, left Monday morning. As the Indians talk business, perhaps there will be a bit of a scrimmage, but we doubt it, as they do not like the appearance of Uncle Sam's boys when they are in earnest.

A large assortment of lamps at McLean's supply store. 21w5

Fresh Lemons at Kauffmann & Co's. *

If you need good Liquors for the Holidays, go to Kauffmann & Co's. *

Best Lager Beer always fresh on tap at Kauffmann's. *

Hon. John A. Kasson, of Iowa, has sued three papers for a total of $70,000 damages to his character. When such a character as he has can be damaged even to the amount of $7, we shall feel certain that forty tons of hay can be made to balance on the top of a pepperbox. The man who goes to law to establish a character, has one so well established that to lose it should fill the souls of his decent relatives with joy. If a man is honest and has in him the germ of greatness he will not go to law for a character, but will mind his business, go on with his work, bide his time, outlive his assailants and prove himself a better man then he can ever be made by the report of a jury.

DIED.

At Kalamazoo, Mich., on the morning of the 18th of November 1874, after an illness of seventeen months of pulmonary consumption, MARGARET, beloved wife of Capt. Thomas Britton, 6th Infantry U. S. A.

New Advertisements

Fire Insurance!

J. F. A. STUDDART,
ST. PAUL, - - - MINNESOTA.
Will issue Fire Policies on Bismarck property. Parties wishing it should address him.
24w1

BRAMBLE HOUSE,
Moorhead, Minn.
First Class in every particular. Free Bus to Depot and Boats.
Every Train from Bismarck runs now to Moorhead, and starts mornings from there, opposite the Bramble House.
Headquarters for Stages.
C. P. SLOGGY, Prop'r.

Fred. Strauss,



DEALER IN
WATCHES, SPECTACLES,
and all kinds of Jewelry. Orders of any description will be promptly filled. Satisfaction guaranteed.
1-40tf Main St., Bismarck, D. T.

PROPOSALS
For Army Transportation!

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF DAKOTA,
OFFICE CHIEF QUARTERMASTER,
ST. PAUL, MINN., October 30, 1874.

Sealed Proposals will be received at this office until 12 o'clock noon on the 19th day of January, 1875, for the transportation of military supplies, &c., on the following routes in the Department of Dakota, during the year commencing April 1, 1875, and ending March 31, 1876.

1. Route No. 4—Wagon transportation from and to stations in the State of Minnesota, and Territory of Dakota.

2. Route in Montana—Wagon transportation from and to stations in the District of Montana, and from Corinne, or other stations on the Union Pacific Railroad to stations in Montana.

3. Red River of the North—River transportation, between Moorhead, Minn., or Fargo, D. T., and Fort Pembina, D. T.

4. Ferriage, between Fort Abraham Lincoln and Bismarck, D. T., and between said Fort and Point Pleasant, opposite thereto.

Proposals for each route should be made separately and in triplicate, and will be accompanied by a bond in the sum of $5,000, signed by two or more responsible parties, guaranteeing that, in case a contract is awarded to the bidder, he will execute the same, and give good and sufficient bonds for its fulfillment.

Copy of form of contract, and blank forms of proposals, guarantee, &c., can be had on application to the office of the Quartermaster's Department, at Chicago, Ill., St. Louis, Mo., Ft. Leavenworth, Kansas, Omaha Neb., Ogden, U. T., Ft. Shaw, M. T., or at this office.

A copy of this advertisement should be attached to the proposal.

The government reserves the right to reject any or all bids offered.

Proposals should be endorsed as follows: "Proposals for Army Transportation on Route ——," and addressed to the undersigned. Thus endorsed, they will be opened in the presence of bidders, at this office, at noon on the 19th day of January, 1875.

BENJ. C. CARD,
Chief Quartermaster.
Dec. 16-1874-22w4

THE BOOMERANG,
Just Opened by
L. T. MARSHALL,
MAIN STREET, BISMARCK, D. T.,
Next door to Fisher's Billiard Hall and Dunn & Co's Drug Store.
The Choicest of Wines, Liquors and Cigars. This is decidedly the most elegant place of the kind in the town.
"COME AND SEE ME."
L. T. MARSHALL.
Dec. 2—21w4

DISSOLUTION NOTICE.
Notice is hereby given that the co-partnership heretofore existing between the undersigned, under the firm name of W. B. Shaw & Co., and Winston & Shaw, is this day dissolved by mutual consent. All persons indebted to either of said firms are requested to make immediate payment to J. S. Winston, and those having claims against said firms are requested to present them to the same for adjustment, as he is alone authorized to sign the firm name in liquidation or settlement of accounts.
W. B. SHAW,
J. S. WINSTON.
Bismarck, D. T., Nov. 18th, 1874 Dec.8 22w3

Dissolution Notice.
Notice is hereby given that the co-partnership heretofore existing between Peter Walker and Nicholas Comes, under the firm name of Peter Walker & Co., is hereby dissolved by mutual consent. Nicholas Comes will pay all outstanding bills, and collect all moneys due the late firm.
PETER WALKER.
NICHOLAS COMES.
Bismarck, D, T., Nov. 7th, 1874.

Having leased the premises, the bakery business will be continued by me. Thankful for past favors, I hope to merit a continuance of the same.
PETER WALKER.
Dec.8, 1874.—22w4.

OFFICE A. A. Q. M., FT. TOTTEN, D. T.,
November 24th, 1874.
Will be offered for sale, at public auction, at 10 o'clock, a. m., on Friday, the 15th of January, 1875, at the Quartermaster's storehouse, a quantity of old uniform clothing, consisting of bootees, pegged and sewed; boots, pegged and sewed; lace, uniform hats, forage caps, great coats, foot; uniform coats, flannel sack coats, lined and unlined; &c.
Terms cash upon the delivery of the articles.
JAS. E. PORTER,
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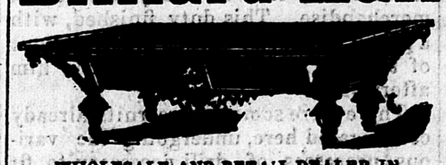
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34-3m

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2-4n6